o/ar/

Hampstead - Thursd. Morn.

My dear Sir,

My Brother are expecting me every day in devonshire, and I have some days work before I can go thither: so I am lucky enough to nullify the day I had expected to pass with you, and unpassing enough to ask your indulgence therefore -

I am being greatly amused with your Poem - it has a full share of wit and imagination in. I thank you for it now and will return it to Reynolds. Remember me to Shelley and Hunt[on]. Yours very sincerely

John Keats

up. I'm like paying sixpence for an apple at the Playhouse. This irritated me and Brown was not best pleased. we have therefore resolved to set out this and for Fort William tomorrow morning. I feel upon a bit of relish Breds to day like a Spaniard - it was very fine. I cannot manage the carried Oatcake. Remember me to all and let me hear a good account of you at Swanes. I am sorry Georgy had not those lines. Good bye.

Your affectionate Brother

John ———

Mush. some dozen wretched black Cottages vented of peat smoke which finds its way by the door or a hole in the roof. a girl here and there barefoot there was one little thing driving Cows down a sloke like a mad thing. there was another standing at the cowhouse door Patter. pretty faced ale up to the ankles in dirt. We have walk'd 15 Miles on a roaking rain & Oh an opposite the Isle of Mull which is so near Staffa we had thought to pass to it. but the expence is 7 Guineas and those rather extorted Staffa you see is a fine rock with it either in this town or the Island are what you call